



## "Lame Leg Well"

"I wish to say that I have used Sloan's Liniment on a lame leg that has given me much trouble for six months. It was so bad that I couldn't walk sometimes for a week. I tried doctors' medicine and had a rubber bandage for my leg, but they all did me no good, until at last I was persuaded to try Sloan's Liniment. The first application helped it, and in two weeks my leg was well."—A. L. HUNTER, of Hunter, Ala.

**Good for Athletes.**  
Mr. K. GILMAN, instructor of athletics, 417 Warren St., Roxbury, Mass., says:—"I have used Sloan's Liniment on a lame leg that has given me much trouble for six months. It was so bad that I couldn't walk sometimes for a week. I tried doctors' medicine and had a rubber bandage for my leg, but they all did me no good, until at last I was persuaded to try Sloan's Liniment. The first application helped it, and in two weeks my leg was well."—A. L. HUNTER, of Hunter, Ala.

## SLOAN'S LINIMENT

with great success in cases of extreme fatigue after physical exertion, when an ordinary rub-down would not make any impression."



Sloan's Liniment has no equal as a remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia or any pain or stiffness in the muscles or joints.

Price, 25c., 50c. & \$1.00  
Sloan's book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free. Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

**Fulton and the Clermont.**  
The first trip of Robert Fulton up the Hudson river in the Clermont was thus described in the American Citizen of Aug. 17, 1810:

"Mr. Fulton's ingenious Steam Boat, invented with a view to the Navigation of the Mississippi from New Orleans upwards, sails today from the North River, near the State Prison, to Albany. The Velocity of The Steam Boat is Calculated at four miles an hour. It is said that it will make a progress of two against The Current of The Mississippi, and if so it will certainly be a very valuable acquisition to the Commerce of the Western States."

According to Edward Hagaman Hall's history, the Clermont made the trip to Albany in thirty-two hours. The state prison referred to stood on the block in New York now bounded by Washington, West Tenth, West and Charles Streets, in old Greenwich village.

## RIGHT HAND RULE.

The Way It Is Applied in Driving and in Navigation.

London's drivers, sitting on the right side of the driver's seat, turn to the left. Why? In order that looking down at the right side of the vehicle they may gauge to a fraction of an inch the hubs of a vehicle meeting them. In the United States the driver still preserves the right side of the seat and in turning to the right of the roadway has the least knowledge of where his hubs may be in passing.

But in international navigation the right hand rules always obtain. It is the narrow channel winding into a port where the extremest of emphasis is laid upon the vessel keeping to starboard, no matter how many crooks and turns and loops the channel may make.

This was illustrated in a collision on the Whangpoo river, in China, when the Pekin and the Normandie collided. The Normandie was descending the stream, keeping to starboard. The Pekin was ascending the channel, keeping to its starboard. At a sharp turn in the channel the two boats collided. The Pekin's master declared that owing to the sharp bend in the river it was a "crossing" case, in which the Normandie was to blame.

In the house of lords, however, it was held that the right of any channel of any degree of sinuosity lay at the right of the channel's center; that, therefore, when the Pekin failed to observe the rule in the sharp bend and "cut across" it became an offender against the law and must pay damages.—Chicago Tribune.

## EYE OF THE CAMERA.

The Picture It Brought From Out a Dark Cavern.

Dr. Francis Clark told an interesting story of a youth living in Maine who was out in the woods one day taking photographs of attractive bits of scenery. He came upon the mouth of a little cavern between the rocks, and he said to himself, "I will see what sort of picture I can get out of that cave," and as it was a dark day he decided to take a "time exposure" instead of a "snapshot." Steadying the camera upon his knee as well as he could at the edge of the cave, he gave the sensitive plate a long, deliberate look at the semidarkness within. Then he continued his tramp through the woods and after a few hours returned to his camp.

Several weeks afterward, when developing his plates, you can imagine his astonishment to see in the picture, in the very center of the cavern, with arched back and bristling fur and within springing distance of the spot where he had loitered his camera, a huge Canada lynx that might easily have destroyed his life. And yet he came and went and saw no signs of danger.—Christian Herald.

## French Beards.

M. Maxime du Camp says in "Souvenirs Littéraires" that after the revolution of July, in 1830, the politics of Frenchmen were known by their beards. Supporters of Louis Philippe wore "mutton chop" whiskers, Bonapartists had mustaches and Imperialists did not shave at all, and Legitimists wore their beards like a collar, with shaved lips and chin.



## A BLOODY CHAPTER.

Many Crimes and Casualties Occur in Houston, Texas.

A Houston, Texas, dispatch says: Another bloody chapter was added to Houston's record for the past week when E. L. Wohermann, a well-known confectioner, sent a bullet through his heart in his home here dying instantly. His wife, who witnessed the suicide, swallowed poison and laid down beside him and soon expired. Business reverses it assigned as the reason for Wohermann's act.

This makes seven deaths from violence in Houston within the past few days.

"I am pleased to recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as the best thing I know of and safest remedy for coughs, colds and bronchial trouble," writes Mrs. L. B. Arnold of Denver, Colo. "We have used it repeatedly and it has never failed to give relief." For sale by all dealers.

## Plowing Mill Burns.

Cashiers Plowing Mill, in Jacksonville, has been completely destroyed by fire. Several railroad cars and a large amount of stored lumber was also destroyed. Estimated damage is \$30,000.

There is little danger from a cold or from an attack of the grip except when followed by pneumonia, and this never happens when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is used. This remedy has won its great reputation and extensive sale by its remarkable cures of colds and grip and can be relied upon with implicit confidence. For sale by all dealers.

## Getting Ready for Fair.

The fair grounds at Ocala are being placed in shape for the opening, November 10. The buildings at the grounds were slightly damaged during the recent storm. A number of horses from Jacksonville are quartered there preparing for the race meet which is to be a feature of the fair.

"I do not believe there is any other medicine so good for whooping cough as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," writes Mrs. Francis Turpin, Junction City, Ore. This remedy is also unsurpassed for colds and croup. For sale by all dealers.

## Origin of Spoons.

Two natural objects seem to have furnished the model for the spoon to primitive man—the river or sea shell and the leaf of plants. In southern China shell spoons are still used that are closely reproduced in the familiar porcelain spoon of that country, while metal spoons are found in India on which are reproduced even the veins of the leaves from which they were copied.

For pains in the side or chest, dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Liniment and bind it on over the seat of pain. There is nothing better. For sale by all dealers.

## HOW A MATCH WAS MADE

By EMMA R. SHORTALL

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Mme. Benardier was worried about her son, Gaston. He was thirty-five years old and not married. But one thing would comfort his mother, and that was to spend her last days lavishing upon a grandson the care she had long been denied the pleasure of expending upon her son.

But Gaston had an uncle, a crusty old bachelor, who had been jilted in his youth and who hated all women for what he had suffered from one. This uncle had poisoned his nephew's mind against the sex. Besides this, Gaston enjoyed his bachelorhood so well that he refused to marry.

One day the young man came home from Paris and went to bed with a serious illness. A doctor examined the patient and informed his mother that her son must have a trained nurse.

"But he won't let a woman, except one, come near him."

"He must."

The doctor and Mme. Benardier conferred for an hour, at the end of which time the doctor informed Gaston that he must have a nurse. The young man said no woman should enter his room. Whereupon the doctor told him that he would send a man nurse.

"Well upon my word!" exclaimed Gaston when he first saw his nurse. "You're nothing but a boy. What the dickens are you going to do for me?"

"Take your temperature and your pulse, give you your medicine and when you need amusement amuse you."

"Well, I don't see any objection to that. This is dull music lying here alone. Go and get a book. I wish you to read to me. What's your name?"

"Antoine, monsieur."

"Judging from your appearance, you had better have been christened Antoinette. Go to the library and bring 'The Count of Monte Cristo.' I've read it half a dozen times, but that doesn't matter."

Antoine got the book, placed a chair by a window, sat down and began to read.

"Bring your chair closer," said Gaston. "I can't hear you so far away. Where did you get that soft voice of yours? You'll never do to shout orders to soldiers."

The boy brought his chair nearer and commenced again. Gaston listened rather to the musical tones of his voice than to the story. It seemed to him that he was lulled by some one playing on a zither. The nurse read a couple of hours, when, looking up, he saw that the patient slept. Closing the book, he stole away and left the invalid to his repose.

When Gaston awakened he felt much refreshed. He called for his nurse and told him that he had heard all he had read for nearly two hours, then had fallen asleep, dreaming that there was a harp in the room upon which Antoine was playing, only Antoine was not a boy, but a charming girl.

"What are you blushing for?" Gaston asked.

"Why, monsieur, I have always suffered from being called offensively. I'm very sensitive about it. I beg of you not to speak of it again."

"Well, then, you little fool, I won't do it again. I don't blame you for not wishing to be considered like a woman. I have no use for them myself."

"The Count of Monte Cristo" is a long book and a very entertaining one. Before Antoine had half finished reading it the doctor called one morning, told Gaston that he would not need a nurse any longer and that Antoine was to go to another patient.

"Not on your life," said Gaston. "I'll have him finished reading 'The Count of Monte Cristo' to me."

"This will put me to a serious inconvenience," protested the doctor.

"Can't help it. You must get some one else."

"Well, then, I will tell you something that will induce you to part with Antoine. You would not have a woman nurse, and I could not get you a man, so I got a girl and dressed her in man's clothes."

"Pshaw!"

"Now I suppose you give up."

"I don't care if she is a ghoul; she shall finish the book."

The doctor gave in and reported the matter to Mme. Benardier, who seemed delighted with what had taken place.

"I leave you, madame, to tell him the rest at the proper time."

When the nurse appeared again to her patient she was in the apparel of her sex. Gaston was enraptured. He told her to go on with "The Count of Monte Cristo," but to read only a chapter a day. What puzzled him was that she had the breeding of a lady and when not in nurse's uniform her costumes were of a fine texture.

"Mother," said Gaston one day, "I am in trouble. You know that our family has never made a misalliance. Well, you have done very wrong in introducing this girl as my nurse. I have fallen in love with her, and life would be a burden to me without her."

"Be comforted, my son. The doctor and I have conspired to win you from your contempt for women. The girl is Antoinette du Pierris, the daughter of our neighbor Count du Pierris. Wishing as well as I to make a match between you two, the count consented to our scheme. Antoinette is a lovely girl. I congratulate you if you love her."

"I have, mother."

"Goodman" and "Goodwomen." A pleasing form of address that was common in the seventeenth century has gone quite out of use, probably because of its restriction to "inferior persons." The "Mr." was then a prefix to which only gentlemen were entitled, and among the portly fathers of New England the deprivation of the right to be so addressed was inflicted as a punishment. "Goodman" or "Goodwoman," by contraction or "Goody," was the address of those low in the social scale. The term is preserved in some old songs.—London Family Herald.

## What a Doomed Man Did

By SALLIE MENDHAM

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When Ben Wharton was seventeen it was necessary for him to go to work to support a widowed mother and a younger sister. He worked all day and usually most of the night, saving all his mother and sister did not need and investing it. His ambition was to accumulate a competence and then enjoy a world which he considered only enjoyable for those who have plenty of money. When he was twenty-five his mother died, and soon after this his sister married. At thirty-five he found himself in possession of \$200,000 and no one to provide for except himself.

Then something happened—he noticed a swelling on his neck. He consulted a physician, who after making an examination said to him:

"Do you wish me to tell you the truth?"

"I certainly do."

"Well, then, what you have on your neck is either a tumor or a cancer. It lies directly over the jugular vein. If it is a cancer it will eat into that vein, and you will bleed to death. If it is a tumor it will so encroach upon the vein as to stop the flow of blood, and you will die from that cause."

Wharton was a philosophic man, and philosophers usually have views of their own. He concluded to spend his money in having a good time while he lived. But he must have a companion to enjoy it with him.

The only person whose company he enjoyed was a Miss Delia Thorne. She was poor and was getting to that age where but few women marry. Wharton went to see her and made her the following proposition: "If you will marry me," he said, "and join me in the expenditure of half my fortune you shall have the other half when I die, which the doctor tells me will be in about a year." And he informed her of his condition.

Miss Thorne was a very self-contained young woman. She sat looking at Wharton after this singular proposition for some time without a word, then said that she would take the matter under advisement and in a day or two let him know her decision. This was satisfactory to Ben, who went away and gave that portion of his future no further thought until he received her reply, which was this:

"Accepted on condition that you spend half your fortune within the year, the other half to be settled on me on the day of our marriage."

Ben could understand the last part of this contract, but not the first part. Why should Delia stipulate that he should spend what he proposed to spend? But he was bent on carrying out his design.

He did carry out his design, and his wife helped him. His swelling gave him no pain, and the shadow of death that hung over him alone prevented his enjoyment. His wife, whenever she saw that he was under the influence of his expected ending, would propose some new pleasure, and as pleasure usually cost money her husband's share of the fortune rapidly melted. Finally the year was up, and Ben had spent it all.

"What's to be done now, Ben?" asked his wife. "You are still living and no worse physically than when we were married."

"I don't know," said Ben. "Doubtless I have been kept up by having my mind taken off my affliction."

"I think there is a good deal in that," said his wife. "If your share of our fortune has kept you alive a year perhaps my share will keep you alive another year. We will continue our expenditures."

Ben looked at her, astonished. He knew that she would much prefer to live a quiet life, and by this proposition she showed that she would rather have him for another year than the independence guaranteed her at their marriage. He doubted her sincerity.

"Thank you very much for the remaining year," he said.

For a month the expenditures proceeded as before, Ben every day expecting that his wife would call for a reduction. Not a comment escaped her. Then Ben said to her:

"Delia, I thought this was a business deal between us."

"So it was on your part."

Ben got up from where he was sitting, went to her and put his arms about her. Presently he said:

"I think I would like to live."

"I wish you could."

"Maybe that doctor was wrong after all."

"I don't know anything about that."

"I think I'll try another."

He did try another and another. Indeed, he tried a number, but they all told him the same story as the first. At last he found a specialist who referred all bodily troubles to one cause. This cause happened to hit Wharton's case. The doctor said that something was dragging him down. If he could be relieved of that something he would have more strength to throw off disease and he might be sufficiently stimulated to throw off the swelling in his neck. Ben's eyes were a bit crooked, and the doctor by an operation straightened them. The swelling disappeared.

"I don't see any connection," said Ben, "between the eyes and a swelling in the neck."

"And I haven't time to explain it to you," replied the doctor. "A thousand dollars, please."

**Clear Air.**  
The air is so clear at Arequipa, Peru, that from the observatory at that place, 8,000 feet above the sea, a black spot one inch in diameter placed on a white disk has been seen on Mount Chacabana, a distance of eleven miles, through a thirteen inch telescope.

**Disappointed.**  
He—I hear that your engagement is broken.  
Femina—Yes; he acted horribly.  
He—But I understood that you broke it.  
Femina—No I did, but he made absolutely no fuss about it.

## Restored Confidence

By DANIEL A. GREENE

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Paul Kaisarovitch was sitting in his room in St. Petersburg when he heard the tread of a number of persons on the staircase coming up. Every vestige of color left his face.

There was a great surprise in store for Kaisarovitch. The first person to step into the room was Peter Eukoff, who was not only a member of the same revolutionary circle as himself, but his intimate friend. Eukoff said to the officer in charge of the police force, nodding toward Kaisarovitch, "There is your man."

"Peter," gasped Kaisarovitch, "what is the meaning of this? Can it be possible that you are a traitor?"

"No; I am not a traitor, for I entered the circle in order to inform the government of its treacherous designs."

Kaisarovitch was led away muttering a curse on the head of the man who had betrayed him. He was taken to the office of the minister of police, where he underwent a searching ordeal. Asked about the circle of which he had been a member, not one word would he say. Torture was applied, but he endured it without giving up any information.

When the next gang of political prisoners went to Siberia Kaisarovitch was among them. No information as to whether others of his circle had been arrested or if so what had been done with them reached him. His imprisonment was blighted by the fact that a man he had loved had betrayed him. His faith in anything good had been blighted. His friend had been so much to him that he had not thought of revenge. He never wished to see Eukoff again, and if he should be felt that the sight would be simply melancholy.

One day while Kaisarovitch was brooding there came a sound of a stroke on a metal pipe running through the prison for the purpose of heating it. He thought nothing of it till two strokes were given in quick succession, then two others and two others, when he knew that some one was striking the pipe either above or below. He had learned the code by which prisoners communicate by means of these pipes and listened. What he heard he judged to be a call. But the sounds would be heard in the cells besides his own. He did not think the two strokes together to be for any special person, but a general invitation for attention. Presently the sounds began to indicate letters under the code. The letter P was given, then A U L in succession. Paul is a common name in Russia, and Kaisarovitch did not consider for a moment that any one was calling him. But when the letters "Kaisarovitch" were indicated he was astonished. He had no friends among the prisoners, and could not imagine who could have anything to communicate to him. The only thing he had in his cell to hammer with was the sole of his shoe, and with this he spelled out the words "Who is it?"

The answer caused Kaisarovitch to clutch his forehead in dread lest his sufferings had made him mentally an imbecile. The name given was that of Peter Eukoff.

When Kaisarovitch regained his equanimity he had lost a part of what had followed the name. What he caught was this:

"Noble conduct. It has strengthened your friends in their confidence in human nature and that enough true men and women exist to make Russia free."

Paul took up his shoe and telegraphed back as follows:

"Is this Peter Eukoff, who betrayed me?"

The answer came: "You were betrayed to save your companions. Arrests were to be made among us that would have divulged all our purposes. Ten of us agreed that if we could concentrate suspicion upon you the government might kill you, but could never extort a secret from you. It was agreed that I should gain the confidence of the government by informing on my best friend and name as members persons not of the circle and who would have time to get away. No one of us has suffered except you, and I am here to save you."

Of the different causes for rejoicing contained in this message the fact that the man Paul loved had done the apparent act of treachery for a purpose was the chief. Of all the moments of Paul Kaisarovitch's life this was the happiest. He telegraphed back:

"I glory in my sufferings since I have saved my friends and have my confidence in you restored."

Peter Eukoff had promised the minister if he would send him a supposed prisoner to Siberia he would get from certain prisoners there information the government very much desired. Eukoff was sent in chains, but with a letter to the governor of the prison stating that he was really a spy on other prisoners. In this way he obtained access to Kaisarovitch and secured permission to take him to a certain point where information was to be derived through his influence. When the two men got beyond the prison guards they set off through the wilderness and after many months of suffering reached the boundary of Sweden. There they found other political exiles, who helped them with funds to reach America. Kaisarovitch is now worshipped almost as a God by the revolutionists, and Eukoff is considered one of their most efficient workers.

**Always Gets the Last Word.**  
"Say, pa," queried little Billy, "what's an echo?"

"An echo, my son," replied the patient old man, with a sigh that was long drawn out, "is the only thing that can flummox a woman out of the last word."

**The Cow.**  
"Johnny," said the teacher, "write a sentence containing the word 'contents.'"

After a few moments' hard labor Johnny submitted the following: "The contents of a cow is milk."—Chicago News

## PREDICTS A LANDSLIDE

Chairman Mack Takes Optimistic View.

## A DEMOCRATIC VICTORY

Chairman of Democratic National Committee Believes That the Party Will Be Successful in the Coming Elections—People Sore on High Cost of Living.

Norman E. Mack, chairman of the Democratic national committee, predicts a Democratic landslide in the coming elections.

"One of the principal reasons for Democratic success this year," he is reported to have said, "is the high cost of living. That is one of the real fundamental issues of the campaign. There is hardly a man whose wife has not asked him for a 25 per cent increase in her allowance for household expenses."

"Everywhere you go you find the conditions just like those of 1896, but this time indicating a Democratic landslide—in fact, a double landslide. There are 50,000 people in New York state who are disgusted with Roosevelt because of his actions in this campaign. They think he has belittled the great office he held, and they put him on a par with an ordinary spellbinder. The people are against the Republican party, and are tired of it. I can not give you all of the reasons, but the high cost of living and Theodore Roosevelt are two of the main things which prompt the people to elect the Democratic ticket this year. Even the friends of President Taft are opposed to Roosevelt and want none of him."

**ETHEL LENEVE GOES FREE.**  
Jury Finds That Pretty Typist Was Innocent of Killing Mrs. Crippen.

After a trial lasting only a few hours, in the new Bailey criminal court at London, a jury found Ethel Leneve not guilty as an accessory after the fact in the murder of Cora Belle Crippen, for whose death her husband, Dr. Crippen, will die on the gallows on November 8.

Miss Leneve was in love, it is said, with Dr. Crippen and slept in his house on the night of the day following the day upon which the doctor murdered his wife and buried the dismembered parts in the cellar of his Hildrop Crescent home. She accompanied Crippen in his flight to Canada, and with him was arrested and indicted.

From the first she has maintained innocence of any knowledge of the crime, but the crown alleged that her behavior subsequent to the disappearance of Mrs. Crippen, or Belle Elmore, as she was known on the stage, was such as to betray a guilty knowledge of the murder. When arranged Miss Leneve pleaded not guilty, and witnesses were introduced by the prosecution to show that she had experienced great mental distress following Belle Elmore's death. The crown prosecutor introduced only such testimony as has been brought out in the earlier hearings.

**FACED BY STARVATION.**  
Men Engaged in Construction Work May Suffer.

Starvation faces 5,000 men engaged in railway construction work on the new National Transcontinental railway, north of Lake Nipigon. The steamer Omabika, which has been carrying supplies to these men, has been wrecked, and as the only other means of getting supplies into this region is over ice, it will be some time before this can be done. The situation becomes very serious, as the other boat employed in the same capacity was wrecked some time ago, and the supplies were running very short, but hopes were entertained that the lake would soon be frozen over and teams could be engaged in hauling in a sufficient amount to last through the winter months.

**Proving a Statement.**  
A certain minister, who is an emphatic preacher, is at times at a loss to give his utterances proper weight. For instance, he'll say:

"This statement is as true as is the night which will follow day," or "as true as that the trees will bud in spring."

Sometimes it happens that the doctor has more statements than he has illustrations to give them weight. On one such occasion he remarked: "This is as true as the—Here the doctor halted. He paused a few moments, and then his face blushed—"as true as is the statement that some member is yet on his or her way to church."

A few moments later a lady entered the edifice and swept grandly up the aisle. The doctor's face assumed an "I told you so" appearance. The congregation began to smile, then to laugh. Sympathy for the embarrassed lady, however, soon subdued the apparently uncontrollable mirth.

**Went Too Far.**  
Yeast—Do you think there is a penalty for lying?

Crimsonbeak—Sure! I knew a fellow who dislocated his shoulder while stretching out his hands to show the size of the fish he claimed he had caught.—Yonkers Statesman.

**Quite Amicable.**  
"Why did you quit your job? Did you have a disagreement with the boss?"

"Oh, no; not at all. I told him I had to have more money or I would quit, and he said it was mutually satisfactory."—Indianapolis News.

**Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets do not sit on the grip, and may be taken with perfect safety by the most delicate woman or the youngest child. The old and feeble will also find them a most suitable remedy for aiding and strengthening their weakened digestion and for regulating the bowels. For sale by all dealers.**

## NEW HOWELL THEATER Monday, Nov. 7th.



## BERT LEIGH

In Harold McGrath's Delightful Comedy.

## THE MAN ON THE BOX

You have read the Book. Now see the Play. The Comedy Treat of the Season.

Prices: - 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.  
Seats now on sale at Ackerman-Stewart Drug Store. You may procure seats by mail or phone.